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Painful Plough

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Painful Plough.

Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

Come all ye jolly plough-men of courage stout and bold,
That labour all the winter thro' the stormy winds and cold,
To clothe the fields in plenty, and barn-yards to renew,
To crown them with content that hold the painful plough.

Hold, ye plough-men, says the gardener, count not your trade
with ours,

But walk ye thro' the garden and view the early flowers,
And see the curious borders which pleasant walks do strew,
There's none such piece of pleasure performed by the plough.

Hold, ye gardeners, says the plough-man, no calling I despise,
For each man for a living upon his trade relies,
Were it not for the plough-men both rich and poor would rue,
For they are all dependant upon the painful plough.

Though Adam in the garden was set to keep it right,
But tell how long he staid, I think 'twas but one night,
He eat what was not his labour I call it not his due,
So soon he lost the garden and went to hold the plough.

For Adam was a plough-man when ploughing did begin,
Then next to him succeeded was Cain his eldest son,
Some of his generation the calling now pursue,
That bread may not be wanting by means of the painful plough

Sampson was a strong man, and Solomon was wise,
Alexander for to conquer was all that he did prize,
King David he was valiant and many thousands slew,
Yet none of these great heroes could live without the plough.

Behold the wealthy merchant that trades to foreign seas,
That brings home foreign treasure for these that live at ease,
With fine silks from the Indies with fruits and spices too,
They're all brought from the Indies, by virtue of the plough.

And all the men that bring them will own to what is true,
They cannot sail the ocean without the painful plough,
For they must have biscuits, rice-pudding, flour, and peas,
To feed those jolly tars as they sail o'er the seas.

I hope there's none offended at me for singing this,
For it was not intended for to be ta'en amiss,
If you'd consider rightly, you'd find what I've said true,
All trades that I have mention'd depend upon the plough.



Sheffield *'PRENTICE.*

J. Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston;
Where may be had, the greatest Variety of Songs in the world.
Back Entrance, No. 3, Water Street.

I was brought up in Sheffield not of an high degree,
My parents doated on me, they had no child but me;
I rolled in such pleasure, just where my fancy led,
then I was bound apprentice, and all my joys were fled.

I did not like my master, he did not use me well,
I made a resolution not long with him to dwell,
One evening to my parents from him I ran away,
I steer'd my course to London on an unhappy day.

A wealthy rich young lady from Holland met me there,
And offer'd me great wages to serve her for a year,
At last with great persuasion with her I did agree,
to go and live in Holland which prov'd my destiny

I had not been in Holland passing half a year,
Before my young mistress grew very fond of me,
My gold and my silver, my houses and my land,
If you'll consent to wed me shall be at your command.

I said, dear honoured lady, I cannot wed you both,
for I have lately promis'd, and made a solemn oath,
to wed none but Polly your pretty chamber-maid,
Excuse me my dear mistress, she has my heart betray'd.

then in an angry humour from me she went away,
Resolv'd within herself to be reveng'd on me,
She was so perplex'd in humour she could not be my wife,
She soon contriv'd a tragedy to take away my life.

One day as we were talking in the garden fine and gay,
A viewing of the flowers that grew so fine and gay,
the gold ring on her finger as I was passing by,
She slipp'd into my pocket and for it I must die.

My mistress swore I'd robb'd her and quickly I was brought,
Before a grave old justice to answer for my fault,
Long time I pleaded innocent but that was all in vain,
She swore point blank against me and I was sent to jail.

then our royal assizes were drawing on apace,
Presently on me the judge a sentence cast,
to the place of execution they brought me to a tree,
And may God forgive my mistress for she has wronged me.

All you who come to see me now, hear before I die,
Don't laugh at my downfall, nor smile at my disgrace,
Believe me I'm quite innocent, I bid this world adieu,
farewell my dearest Polly I die thro' loving you.